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Literary Selections.

THE UNFASHIONABLE FURS.

"Now, father, I'll thank you for that five hundred dollars, you promised to give me this morning."

"Yes, child, but I have not so much here now; ride down to my office at twelve o'clock, and you shall have the money; I expect some tenants to pay their quarter's rent to-day, and can make up the sum for you by that time."

"Five hundred, and not a dollar less; and you may as well say six hundred," said the gay, laughing girl; she knew her father's fond indulgence.

"Oh! extravagant!" exclaimed he, but whatever of reproof the remark implied, it was completely nullified by the caresses given at the same time.

"Five hundred dollars too much for a set of furs! No, indeed. Why, Clara Morgan's cost eight hundred, and mother thinks those she selected for me very cheap."

The man of business smiled upon his darling daughter, then left his elegant and comfortable house for the cheerless office in Wall street. At noon, Alice was in Wall street too. Springing lightly from the carriage, she tripped up stairs, and was at Mr. Durand's desk just as a young female turned from it to go out. Having received the six hundred dollars, Alice left immediately, and was soon at Smith's bazaar, chatting gayly with a young friend whom she met there. Both were looking at the handsome cape and muff which Mrs. Durand had fixed upon for her daughter the day before. They were beautiful indeed, and the young ladies having exhausted the usual vocabulary of epithets in praising them, turned to look at others. Just then a hollow, suppressed cough close by her, caused Alice to turn, as a young girl passed on her way to the sewing-room.—Thither, too, she went, a few moments after, to see if a dress she had making there was finished. The superintendent of work had it in her hand, and was reprimanding some one for coming so late.

"I am sorry to disappoint you Miss Durand," she said, seeing that young lady approach, "but Jane Lester, who is embroidering your dress, did not get here until just now, and it is not yet finished." Then turning, she said, "Here Jane, you must work fast, and make up for lost time."

As the sewing-girl took the garment she coughed again. Oh, that dismal sound! It touched the heart of Alice, for she recognized in Jane Lester the one that passed her in the office and show-room. She looked at her a moment, and thought, is it by the labor of such as she that my father's rents are paid, and I obtain money to lavish on costly clothes! She went up to the girl, who by this time was diligently at work, and said, in a kind, low tone:

"Don't hurry at all; I'm not in the least need of the dress."

"Thank you, ma'am, but I will soon have it done; if I am not at work on this, it will be on something else."

"But why do you work at all? With that cough you ought not to come out in such weather as this."

"What would become of us—of father, I mean, and the children—if I were idle?"

"Do you have to support them?" asked Alice, with eager curiosity.

"Not when father is well, but he has been sick all the winter, and I paid out the last of his savings this morning: so I must try and earn more than ever."—Again, that cough.

"Well, if that is the case you must consult a doctor, and do something for yourself, or you will soon be unable to work at all."

Jane shook her head sadly. "No, indeed, we cannot afford to have a doctor for father, and I couldn't think of such a thing myself."

There was a moment's pause—then Alice spoke.

"Give me your address, and I will send a kind physician there, who will not charge you anything. But he must prescribe for both, and you must follow his directions."

"Never mind me, Miss, I'm not so bad as you think, and shall be better in a little while. I cough more than usual this morning, from having walked so fast."

Miss Durand returned to the store more thoughtful than when she first entered it. She did not get near the five hundred dollar furs, but took a set at one fifth of that price, and departed—leaving her friend and the clerks astonished at her sudden change of taste.

Great was the indignation of her fashionable mother, when she learned the result of her daughter's shopping.

"Why, that is not the set I chose!"—said she, when the boxes were opened.

"I know it, mother, but I preferred these."

"You have a strange taste, I must confess. Anybody can get stone marten."

"Then I shall still be *a la mode*," replied her daughter with a smile.

"Yes, with the vulgar herd," said the lady, scornfully.

"These are pretty, equally comfortable, and did not cost near as much as the sable," answered Alice, in extenuation. But her mother was not to be mollified.

"What had you to do with the cost? Didn't your father give you enough to pay for the others?"

"Yes ma'am, and more too."

"How Clara Morgan will laugh when she sees those old-fashioned things? And well she may."

"I care not for that, and shall enjoy mine none the less for seeing her with more costly ones."

To avoid further remonstrances, Alice retired to the library, and addressed a note to Dr. Weston, the family physician. She begged him to call that evening at No. 14 Ann street, and prescribe for the two invalids there. Enclosed was a one hundred dollar bill, from which she wished him to deduct his fee, and appropriate the remainder to the necessities of the family. There was also a request for him to keep the matter secret. He understood and appreciated this, for more than once he had been the almoner of Miss Durand's bounty, and he would not abuse her confidence.

A few days afterward the dress came home. It was neatly made, and beautifully embroidered.

As Alice examined the graceful design and elaborate needlework, she thought of the trembling fingers that wrought it.

Yielding to the impulse of her heart, she set out immediately for the residence of Mr. Lester. Something told her that she would find Jane at home; and sure enough, she had become so much worse that it was impossible for her to leave the house, yet she was trying to sew, that the family might not starve. The doctor had found Jane and her father extremely ill; but as they were in a comfortable house, barely furnished with necessaries, it is true, for not a superfluous article was there, he feared to wound their pride by offering more than his professional services. It is needless to say he returned the money sent by Alice, on the first opportunity. Alice, to whom the contrast between her own luxurious home and the cheerless apartment she was in, suggested real poverty, which the feeble efforts of Jane to continue at work confirmed, felt that something more was needed.

"This, surely, is disobedience to the doctor's orders," she said, gently taking the work from the invalid.

"Now you must not plead necessity," she continued, "for here is a reply in advance to that argument, and she slipped her purse into Jane's trembling hand.

No word of thanks fell from the poor girl's quivering lips, for the generous aid so delicately given; but her glistening eyes and silent pressure of the hand that bestowed it, told her gratitude.

Many visits, after this, did the child of luxury and wealth make to the dwelling of the sick girl, whom neither her loving care nor physician's skill could save.—Gradually she paled away, very gradually her strength failed, but her heart grew stronger all the while—strong to endure the sundering of sweet ties that bound her to earth—strong to meet the terrors of death, so near. Her father was recovering, so the meek daughter was resigned, since the little ones would have him to provide for them.

Alice was returning home from visiting the Lester family, one day, and had just emerged from the cross street into Broadway, when a gaily decorated sleigh passed, filled with ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance. She did not observe them, but Clara Morgan caught sight of her, and said to a young man by her side—

"Well, if there isn't Alice Durand coming out of Ann street, and on foot, too! What in the world can she be doing there?"

"Not visiting any of her friends, I imagine," said Mr. Benton.

"There is no knowing; she takes very curious freaks sometimes. Only think of her purchasing a set of cheap furs, when, to my certain knowledge her mother wanted her to have some like mine."

"She certainly could afford the most fashionable and expensive."

"Of course; and that's what makes it appear so strange."

It seemed somewhat strange to Geo. Benton, too, for he had heard the circumstances of the purchase, from his sister, who was with Alice at the time; but still he believed that she must have had a good motive for the act—Miss Durand did not act unreasonably. So, thought he, "she has been to see some one in Ann street, where only poor families live. That is fact number two," and he began to make deductions, yet reserved the final reference to be drawn from further premises. Fact number three was furnished not long after. It was on this wise. He was at a large party, and searching through the crowded rooms for Alice, whom he presumed to be there, his attention was arrested by the conversation of two young ladies.

"Yes, Bell, it is, as you say, a beautiful dress, but not half so pretty as I intended to have it. You know that elegant embroidered robe of Alice Durand's? Well I determined to have one like it, but the only person I know of who does that kind of work had to get sick just as I wanted her."

"How provoking! That's always the way with these needle women; they think nothing of disappointing us. I never would employ her again if I were you."

"Nor shall I; Jane Lester has done her last work for me," said the speaker—no other than Clara Morgan.

"Yes, Miss Lester has done her last work of that kind. You are quite right, Miss Clara."

They both started—it was Dr. Weston who had spoke; he had heard their heartless remarks, and there was unusual seriousness in his tone.

"Why, what do you know of her?" asked one of them.

"That she is very ill, and will not recover. Indeed, I think she would have been in her grave before now, but for the kindest of care."

"I am glad she is so fortunate," said Miss Morgan, with a sense of relief.—"It is not every one in her situation that can afford a good nurse."

"Nor could she, but for the goodness of one in similar circumstances to yours."

"Indeed! but you do not mean that any one of *our circle* is exercising such uncalled for condescension?"

"I do mean that there is one young lady of my acquaintance of '*our circle*,' that can both devise and perform generous deeds, however lowly the object."

"Of whom are you speaking, doctor?" now inquired Mr. Benton, who had been an observant listener.

"I must mention no names," replied Dr. Weston, with a smile. "She would not thank me for making public her private charities."

"Yet you have actually done it," said one of the young ladies.

"I have commended the action without giving to the actor a notoriety she would shun; and let me add, my dear girls, her conduct is worthy of imitation."

"It's plain to be seen some one is to be canonized as a 'saint,' or 'sister of mercy,' to say the least," said Clara, as soon as the doctor passed on.

"It must be Alice," mused George Benton, "I know of none other to whom Dr. Weston's words can apply, and I half suspect it is some charitable mission that keeps her from here to-night."

It was a spring morning in April.—Jane Lester's couch had been drawn to the window, that she might share in the sweet influence of that glorious morning. She lay there, calmly thinking of the present and the future, when Alice Durand entered the room.

To her kind inquiries how she had passed the night, and how she felt this morning, Jane replied:

"Oh, comfortably—quite comfortably; much pain, but patience to bear it; little sleep, but many pleasant thoughts."

"I have brought you the first spring flowers from our garden. Are they not beautiful?"

"They are, indeed. I thank you for them, and oh, much more for the flowers of peace and hape with which your kindness has cheered my pathway."

"Think not of that, dear girl," said Alice, with much feeling; "I have been far happier for the little I have done than it could possibly render you."

"I will tax your kindness with but one more request; it is that your father will permit us to remain in this house until I am gone. You know that next week we should move, as father must take a smaller dwelling now."

"That is all arranged: he will not move at all, but stay here free of rent; and I will come sometimes to see the children, they shall not want."

"God bless you—he will bless you.—But they will not long be dependent on your charity; as soon as father is able—"

"Call it not charity; it is only help which the stronger should give the weak in time of need."

A look of grateful satisfaction overspread Jane's pale face. She clasped her hands, and closed her eyes a moment, as if in silent prayer, then whispered, "Now you will read to me."

Alice had already taken from her pocket the little Bible, whose precious contents had long been the sewing girl's solace, and which she had requested Miss Durand to keep as a memorial of her.

"Is there any particular chapter you would like to hear?" she asked.

"This morning reminds me of the resurretcion; read, if you please, the fifteen of 1st Corinthians."

Alice complied, and while she was reading that sublime argument on the doctrine of a future life, Mr. Lester and children had quietly entered the room.—When she came to the words, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" the dying girl repeated after her those exulting words with such an energy as to cause all to turn their attention to her, and lo! with that triumphant exclamation on her lips, the breath had left her mortal body! Her freed spirit had "put on immortality."

The first of May came. Jane Lester's father and bereaved sister remained in the same dwelling; her whose only anxiety had been for them, was removed to her heavenly mansion.

Her last days on earth had been rendered comfortable and happy, by her whose still active and self-denying benevolence continued to relieve the sufferings of many who yet remained in our midst; to impress, as it were, the hearts of those who have the means, with the God-given truth, that "it is more blessed to give than receive."—*New York Examiner.*

THE HOLY CITY.

A beautiful country lay stretched along the eastern shores of the great city.—Mountains reared their bold majestic outline round about, and lifted their sublime heads beneath a sky of cloudless blue. Hill, clothed and crowned with fruitfulness, rivalled the luxriance of their intervening valleys. Plains and rivers, forests and lakes, were grouped in an ever varied beauty. Lofty cedars rose in stately majesty, and towering palms spread their branches over cities and thickly clustering villages. Over its whole extent the land rejoiced and blossomed like the rose, and a numerous population made it instinct with life, from its centre to its utmost borders.

The chief city of this delightful land was built upon three eminences, and surrounded, except on the north, by a deep valley, which was again embosomed with hills. Power looked down from her lofty towers, and strength engirdled her with a rampart of impregnable mountain. Luxury held court within her walls, and wealth poured its golden tide into her bosom. Splendor was her dazzling sceptre when the eastern sun illumined her marble palaces, and lit up her golden temple, and beauty was her robe and diadem, when hushed in silence of moonlight, she listened to the music of the brooks that sang their low song at her feet In her pride, she said, "I sit as a queen among the nations, a lady of kingdoms," and exultingly gloried in the name by which she was called, the "perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth." Thus did Jerusalem sit enthroned, amid the hills of her own glorious Canaan, proudly sovereign as an eagle upon her lofty nest, magnificent as a queen in her jewelled robes, and beautiful as Eve in the midst of Paradise.

It was a time of intense public interest in Jerusalem. Its temple, the progress of whose building has been an object of paramount importance in the mind of every Israelite for seven years, was at length completed, and the gathering thousands of Canaan were thronging to her capitol, to behold the finished glory of the gorgeous structure which each had offered willingly to build, and to attend the Feast of the Dedication.

On the morrow, which was the eighth of the seventh month, the solemnties were to commence,; for the Feast of the Tabernacles drew nigh, and it was the will of King Solomon that the people should observe that the Feast of the Dedication for seven days preceding the seven days of the yearly feast, making fourteen days of uninterrupted rejoicing. Moreover, as if all the rays of national solemnity and joy were destined to converge to this very point, the tenth of the same month was the Great Day of Atonement, and the opening of the ninth Jubilee since the possession of Canaan. As the the day declined, thousands had already assembled, and were erecting their tents in the valleys and matchless environs of Jerusalem, while every avenue to the city was still alive with the joyous multitudes that were pressing their way thither. The two tribes of Asher and Naphtali swept through the fertile plains of Esdraelon. The Joppa road was lined with its pilgrim bands, which had gathered from the shores of the sea. Family after family of the sons of Rheuben wound about the sloping declivity of Olivet, and company after company still arrived by the way of Jericho waving branches of palm trees in their hands. As each successive band caught the first glimpse of their beloved city, their glad voices burst simultaneously forth in sacred song, and Jerusalem was sought unto on every side by her admiring sons and daughters, with joy and praise, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.

Within the city walls all was festivity and rejoicing. Brother again met with brother, and friend with friend; while every citizen of Jerusalem prided himself upon the extent of his hospitalities, and the costliness of his entertainments. The court of every dwelling was filled with guests, to whom its cooling fountains and marble pavements, its luxurous couches and fragrant perfumes present a most inviting welcome. Servants moved to and fro, with napkins and silver ewers, and the master of the house, arrayed in his richest garments, courteously bade a welcome to every guest, and blessed him in the name of Abraham.

TWO SORTS OF KISSING.

THE ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE KISS.

The neatest of all neat things, this story of the Widow Lambkin, of whom Dr. Meadows took so much toll when they crossed a bridge on a sleigh-ride, reminds me, says a down-east friend, of one Maine young fellow, who thus describes the battle and final victory, in a fair fight for a kiss of his sweetheart:—

"Ah, now, Sarah dear, give me a kiss—just one, and be done with it."

"I wont! so, there now."

"Then I shall have to take it, whether or no."

"Take it if you dare!"

So at he went, rough and tumble. An awful destruction of starch now commenced. "The bow of my cravat was squat up in less than no time. At the next bout smash went shirt collar, and at the same time some of the head fastenings gave away, and down came Sally's hair like a flood in a mill dam broke lose, carrying away a dozen combs. One plunge of Sally's elbow, and my blooming bosom ruffles wilted to the consistency and form of an after-dinner napkin. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to sever, parted at the throat, away went a string of white beads, scampering and running races every way you could think about the floor. She fought fair, however I must admit; and when she could fight no longer, for the want of breath, she yielded handsomely; her arms fell down by her side—those long, round, rosy arms, her hair hung back over the chair, her eyes were half shut, as if she were not able to hold them open a minute longer, and there lay a little plump mouth all in the air! My goodness! did you ever see a hawk pounce upon a robin, or a bee on a clover top! Even so I settled; and when she came to, and threw up those arms, and seized me around the neck and declared she'd choke me if I ever did so again, and the more she choked me the better I liked it; and she now puts her arms around my neck, and puts her own lips in the way of mine every day, and calls me her own John, and don't seem to make any fuss about it at all. That was a very sensible girl, and she makes a good wife, too, as I am not ashamed to say anywhere."

THE CLERICAL KISS.

Quite different but not less satisfactory was the first osculatory experience of Dominie Brown. He had reached the mature age of five-and-forty, without ever having taken part in this pleasant labial exercise.

One of his deacons had a very charming daughter, and for a year or two the Dominie found it very pleasant to call upon her three or four times a week. In fact, all the neighbors said he was 'courting' her, and very likely he was, though he had not the slightest suspicion of it himself.

One Monday evening he was sitting as usual by her, when a sudden idea popped into his head.

"Miss Mary," said he, "I've known you a long time, and I never thought of such a thing before; but now I would like you to give me a kiss. Will you?"

"Well, Mr. Brown," replies she, arching her lips in a tempting way, "if you think it would not be wrong, I have no objections."

"Let us ask a blessing first," said the good man, closing his eyes and folding his hands. "For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us thankful."

The chaste salute was then given and warmly returned.

"Oh, Mary, that was good!" cried Dominie, electrified by a new sensation. "Let us have another and return thanks."

Mary did not refuse, and when the operation had been repeated, the Dominie ejaculated in a transport of joy:

"For the creature comforts which we have now enjoyed, the Lord be praised, and may they be sanctified to our temporal and eternal good."

History says that the fervent petition of the honest Dominie was duly answered; for in less than a month Mary became Mrs. Brown.—*Life Illustrated.*

From the Californian.

Phœnix's Life of Washington.

"George Washington was one of the most distinguished movers of the American Revolution. He was born of poor but honest parents, at Geona, in the year 1492. His mother was called the mother of Washington. He married, early in life, a widow lady, Mrs. Martha Curtis. Washington commenced business as a county surveyor, and was present in that character at a sham-fight, under General Braddock, when so many guns were fired that the whole body of militia were stunned by the explosion, and sat down to supper unable to hear a word that was said. This supper was afterward alluded to as Braddock's deaf eat, and the simile 'deaf as haddock,' had its rise from that circumstance. Washington commanded several troops during the revolutionary war, and distinguished himself by fearlessly crossing the Delaware River on ice of very moderate thickness, to visit a family of Hessians of his acquaintance. He was passionately fond of green peas and string beans; and his favorite motto was, 'In time of peas prepare for war.' Washington's most intimate friend was a French gentleman, named Marcus Dee, who, from a constant habit of risibility, was nicknamed '*Laughy yet.*' His greatest victory was achieved at Germantown, where, coming upon the British in the night, he completely surrounded them with a wall of cotton bales from which he opened a destructive and terrible fire, which soon caused the enemy to capitulate. The cotton bales being perforated with musket balls were much increased in weight, and consequently in value, and the expression, playfully used, 'What is the price of cotton?' was much in vogue after that battle. During the action, Washington might have been seen driving up and down the lines, exposed to a deadly fire, in a small Concord wagon, drawn by a bobtailed gray horse. His celebrated dispatch, '*Veni, vidi, vici,*' or I came and saw in a Concord wagon, has reference to this circumstance. Washington has been called the 'Father of his Country,' (an unapt title, more properly belonging to the late Mr. McClusky, parent of the celebrated puglist); the child has grown, however, to that extent that its own father would not know it." * * * "Although, for the time in which he lived, a very distinguished man, the ignorance of Washington in some things is perfectly incredible. He never travelled on a steamboat; never saw a railroad or locomotive engine; was perfectly ignorant of the magnetic telegraph, never had a daguerreotype, Colt's pistol, Sharp's rifle, or used a friction match. He ate his meals with an iron fork, never used postage-stamps on his letters, and knew nothing of the application of chloroform to alleviate suffering, or the use of gass for illumination. Such a man as this can hardly be elected President of the United States in these times, although it must be confessed, we occasionally have a candidate who proves not much better informed about matters in general. Washington died from exposure on the summit of Mount Vernon, in the year 1786, leaving behind him a name that will endure forever, if posterity persists in calling their children after him to the same extent that has been fashionable. A monument has been commenced in the city of Washington to his memory, which is to be five hundred feet in height; and it should be the wish of every true-hearted American that his virtues and services may not be forgotten before it is completed; in which case, their remembrance will probably endure forever."

From Life Illustrated.

THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.

However absurd or revolting may be the religious rites of those worshipers whom we term pagans and barbarians—however dark the superstitions which weigh them down in ignorance and degradation, the candid student of the human mind discovers in all these rites but the erroneous and misdirected expression of the religious sentiment, which, however varied in its development, is yet homogeneous and common to all climates and countries.

The narrow bigot, who views all things from a single stand-point, will indeed deny that the devotion of the heathen has an origin common with that of his own. While he exalts his own, whether justly or otherwise matters not, as the offspring of an enlightened conscience and a regenerated heart, he regards the orisons of the benighted as only the manifestations of obdurate hearts, blind to the truth and tenacious of error. In all the long array of their superstitious rites he discovers only a loathsome mass of folly, error, and crime. But if he would berid himself of a little of his own self-righteousness, and his dogged idolatry of the opinions of his fathers, and learn to look upon all the nations of the earth as the common children of a common Father, inspired with like feelings and hopes, he could look with more complacency upon the errors of the superstitions, and find in them the evidence of universal aspiring to something high and infinite.

The Christian religion, in the simplicity of its forms, in the enlightenment of its adherents, and more especially in the great law of universal love upon which it rests, is infinitely superior to all others. Yet however deplorable may be the errors which are so thickly inwoven with all other systems, we are inclined to believe that the honest devotion of every heart, however superstitious the faith to which it bows, has a common origin, and is everywhere the inspiration of the common God. Can there be a devotion more fervent, more earnest, more unselfish, or yet more sadly misguided, than that of the heathen mother, who plunges her infant beneath the blue waters of the Ganges—a sacrifice to her false god? How deluded is she by that false system which she believes divine; and how earnest and deep that devotion which nerves her arm to sunder the ties of holiest consanguinity and tendcrest love! Had she the faintest conception of the true God and the true spiritual worship, her act would be a revolting and horrid crime. But with her mind so completely deluded, is it not an act of heroic devotion and self-sacrifice? Can we not in charity believe that it exhibits a spirit akin to that required; "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth wife or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me." Is it not the spirit of matrydom and unqualified devotion?

"But," we fancy the reader inquiring, "do you believe these horrible things are right?" No, we answer, most decidedly. They are wrong and deplorable; yet they are not committed in the spirit of wrong or of malice; they are, on the contrary, prompted by motives just described. And the spirit thus exhibited ever has been, and ever will be, the spirit of true worship—the spirit which defies all dangers and shrinks not at any sacrifice in devovotion to what appears true and divine. It is the spirit which sustained Luther, and all the martyrs of justice and truth in every age of the world. The fact that in this case, it is ignorant, misguided, and blind does not alter the divinity of its origin or the beauty of its real significance. The precious ore which lies hidden in the mountain is no less gold than after it is refined and stamped; and so this sentiment is the sentiment of universal adoration to the Supreme Father, though often irregular, absurd, erroneous and even frightful and mischievous in its manifestations. In all of them we perceive the happy evidence of a universal feeling of dependence upon a higher Power—an acknowledgment of a higher sovereign than man. In the view of the case, too, we may learn to look with charity upon the opinions at variance with our own, and find that no system or creed is utterly devoid of good.

The practical results of such a belief would be most happy. We should learn that error is rather a misfortune than a crime—that it should be instructed rather than punished, and that in every nation the sincere and honest, however misguided or however wise, are entitled to the same respect, and cherished alike the same divine sentiment of worship.